

## **My heart's staying where my heart belongs by dearmad**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan B., Nancy W.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-08-19 08:33:39

**Updated:** 2016-08-19 08:33:39

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 14:34:33

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,006

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** They go to see Footloose because everybody else is going and because it is a post Valentine's Day weekend.

## **My heart's staying where my heart belongs**

They go to see *Footloose* because everybody else is going and because it is a post Valentine's Day weekend so watching a fun, romantic movie seems like a thing to do. Nancy hasn't been to that movie theatre since her name was shamelessly spray painted on its top. She takes Steve's hand and purposefully looks up before they enter the building. There's no trace left of the ugly words written in harsh red for the town to see and judge but she feels like she needs to hold her head a bit higher just to prove a point. Any rumours about her cheating ways have died around the time Will Byers came back from the dead. Overnight she went from "Harrington's cheating girlfriend" to "that girl who knows the truth about the Byers kid" which in perspective is not that much better. Thankfully one of the perks of surviving an otherworldly creature is not giving a shit about things that used to bother her.

"It's got that girl from *Fame*," Steve tells her before buying their tickets which Nancy assumes is his way of justifying a desire to see a movie about a bunch of dancing teenagers.

Nancy never watched that show, her Thursday evenings were mostly spent at Barb's going over their notes for the dreaded chemistry class on Friday mornings. She remembers watching the movie with her best friend though and hating how depressing it made look the world of performing arts. But that was back when she still had her ballerina dreams, before they both started high school and Nancy realized that ballerinas are not the popular crowd.

She ends up having a lot of fun, definitely more than Steve who tries to discreetly yawn behind his popcorn. He only perks up when the girl on screen proudly proclaims not being a virgin, nudging Nancy's side and wiggling his eyebrows. It earns him a good-natured slap on the arm and a soft chuckle. Nancy isn't that easily intimidated anymore. Another perk of surviving an otherworldly creature.

She sings the title song off-key all the way back home and as annoying as it is Steve doesn't dare to tell her anything because carefree, non-traumatized Nancy is a rare sight these days.

Then again, he's a teenager so he quickly ruins the mood.

"Byers looks a bit like the guy, doesn't he?" Steve says in that unnerving nonchalant manner he always uses whenever he wants to get a specific reaction from her.

"Are you saying he's a total fox?" Nancy bites back with a laugh. Two can play this game and she stopped being flustered by Steve's words and actions around the time she went buying bear traps.

"Clearly some girls go for that pretentious loner look," he replies watching her carefully. Unfortunately the mere idea only makes her imagine Jonathan angry dancing in a warehouse and she cannot stop laughing. Steve just shrugs and doesn't bring it up again.

She goes to see the movie once more before it disappears from the screens. She goes alone on a rainy Sunday afternoon and keeps her bag on the next seat pretending to be waiting for her best friend to come. It's in these moments that she realises how painfully she misses Barbara's company. Barbara who would mock her mercilessly for her secret fantasies involving Jonathan and Steve in a tractor race. Barbara who would tell her to finally get it over with and decide who she wants.

A few weeks later she bumps into Jonathan in a record store. He checks the albums with clearly increasing frustration before spotting her bent over a row of latest releases.

"Wow. Must be indecent," he says with a smirk pointing to the Footloose soundtrack she's trying to hide behind her back.

She rolls her eyes oddly embarrassed at being caught with something so un-Jonathan like. She pulls the incriminating proof of her mainstream taste in music with a huff.

"Kicking off those Sunday shoes, I see," he almost murmurs in that low, hoarse voice of his that she constantly refuses to find *that* attractive. Something twists inside of her and she briefly wonders if he's doing this on purpose.

"I'm just loosing my blues," she tilts her head and smiles sweetly.

She's flirting. She knows she's flirting, he knows she's flirting by the weird look on his face and damn, when did she start flirting with Jonathan?

Momentarily he seems to be standing too close, staring at her with too much intensity. She's not *that* kind of girl, she tells herself. She's with Steve who is goofy and fun and who tries so hard to make it work. She takes a step back and tries to come up with something to say that would make this whole situation a bit less awkward.

"Will likes that song," she finally hears Jonathan saying. "He definitely didn't hear it from me but hey, you like what you like, right?"

She nods dumbly her eyes never leaving his. So much for diffusing the tension.

By the time she pays for her tape, Jonathan is already gone.

She spends the rest of that day dancing around her room to the sounds of Bonnie Tyler's husky voice. Nancy doesn't need a hero though. She can shoot and kick doors and set up traps to capture inter-dimensional monsters. She can date boys she likes (*liked?*) and no, it's not a superman that will sweep her off her feet.

*Somewhere just beyond my reach  
there's someone reaching back for me*

---

AN/ I dunno what this is but I might have been obsessed with *Footloose* as a kid so yeah... Also out of all the comparisons I've seen online, Charlie Heaton looks to me like Edward Furlong and not exactly Kevin Bacon but oh well it works for the fic? \*shrugs\*